

Don't Let Me Drown

by Just Writings

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Summary: Beca Mitchell is left in charge of her two adoptive siblings after her parents die but she quickly finds herself drowning.

Drowning in her anger, in her responsibility and suddenly in her love life. When she can't stay afloat in all of her stress who will pull her out? Or will she just let herself sink to the bottom? AU/Multi

Chapter TW: Suicide, drinking and drug abuse. First Fic.

Don't Let Me Drown

Beca Mitchell is seated on the couch bowl of popcorn in her hands as she tries not to fall asleep while watching this horrendously cheesy movie. She shakes her head and yawns.

Why am I doing this again? She asks herself.

She hears squeals of joy as the protagonists kiss in the rain and she turns her head to find the reason she's putting herself through this torture.

Her two adoptive siblings, Jesse Swanson and Stacie Conrad sit huddled next to her on the couch. Their eyes engrossed on the screen. Their reactions priceless.

Beca is only a few months older than the both of them but she's always felt more responsible over them. Maybe it's because Rose and Bryan Crane adopted her when she was 5 and them 2 years after that when they were all 7. Either way she's always felt protective of them.

Jesse and Stacie always went to Beca for help. She knew how to handle every situation there was. Before she was adopted she was moved from foster home to foster home. She had seen a lot.

But they were 18 now and they had the most loving parents anyone could ever ask for. Rose and Bryan didn't just love their children as

if they were their own but they loved each other as well. They went on dates every Friday and that's where they were now.

That's why Beca is where she is and that's why her siblings have tears streaming down their faces as the movie's credits roll on the screen.

"Come on guys, it's just a movie. It's all just acting." Beca rolls her eyes at their tears.

"No Becs, it's not _just_acting," Jesse sobs, "it's art."

Stacie laughs as she wipes away her tear, "Becs, you're a robot."

"Dude, I'm not a robot." Beca smirks. "You guys are just made out of cotton."

"Whatever. Let's just watch another one." Jesse says already scrolling through Netflix.

"No!" Beca shouts. "Let's do something else."

"Like what?" Stacie asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Um, let's see...like going to bed, maybe." Beca says, flicking a popcorn. Laughing as it bounces off Stacie's cheek.

"I will if you admit to me that The Notebook made your heart warm even just the slightest." Stacie says, showing Beca between her thumb and her pointer finger just how slight it could be.

"The Notebook sucked." Beca tells Stacie as if it's the most obvious thing in the world.

Stacie shook her head, "God Beca, what happened to your heart?"

"My biological parents probably didn't think I'd need when they gave me away." Beca deadpans.

Stacie rolls her eyes at her sibling, Beca was always so crass when it came to her past.

Jesse looks away from his laptop and at them, "I picked one."

"_Jesse!_ Were you even listening? I said I didn't want to watch another movie." Beca says throwing a pillow at him.

"Oh, sorry." He sheepishly grins at them. He closes his laptop. "What do you want to do then?"

Beca and Stacie shrug.

"Can we just watch the movie then?" Jesse asks, his puppy dog eyes growing wider.

"Ugh, fine." Beca grumbles grabbing the popcorn bowl from Stacie.

"Wow." Stacie crosses her arms, "I knew you loved Jesse more than me."

Beca laughs, "that's not true. I love you both."

The three of them are quiet for a while and then Beca says, "but his eyes make it so God damn hard to say no to!"

They all laugh and Jesse says, "we love you too, Beca but shut up the movie's starting!"

Beca rolls her eyes but stays silent.

Beca doesn't know how long she's been asleep for but when she wakes up Jesse and Stacie are asleep beside her and the movie is still playing. Beca hears another knock. Probably the reason she woke up in the first place. She checks her phone.

_2:30__in the morning?_Beca yawns. _Why is someone knocking__at 2:30?_

It's definitely not her mom and dad since they usually stay at a hotel on date nights, ever since the walking in incident that happened when they were 12. Beca shudders thinking of that day and then laughs to herself. She has a text from her mom, she figures she'll open it when she's back from opening the door.

She walks the short distance to the front door then opens it, "hello?"

It's a cop, "Beca Mitchell?"

"Uh huh, what do you want?" Beca asks, her voice drenched in sleep.

"May I come in?" He asks.

Beca nods, "um, sure. Just keep it down any siblings are sleeping."

The police officer points behind her, "those siblings?"

Beca turns to see Stacie and Jesse come up behind her rubbing the sleep from their eyes.

"Beca? What's going on?" Stacie asks, eyeing the cop.

Beca shrugs, "I don't know."

"Um," the cop shifts uncomfortably. "Your parents have been involved in a car accident."

Beca's heart starts to pound, "what?"

"Are they okay?" Jesse asks, suddenly very alert.

"They're in critical condition at Barden General Hospital, I've been instructed to bring you there." The cop says, scarily calm.

"Um, yeah. Sure." Beca says, thanking God that they had decided not

to switch into their pj's before the movie.

Beca grabs her wallet and her jacket and follows the cop out the door. Jesse locks the front door and then runs to join them. They all sit in the back in complete silence. All lost in their heads about what might of happened.

When the cop pulls up to the hospital Jesse and Stacie immediately hop out and run inside. Beca stays back a minute and thanks the cop who only nods and says it's his job.

When she walks in she see's a young blonde receptionist that in any other occasion she would drool over.

"Hey, I'm looking for Rose and Bryan Crane." Beca breathes.

"Oh yeah. Two others just came in for them as well." She points to a room on a map on her computer screen. "You can wait there while they get out of surgery."

"Thanks..." Beca stops not knowing her name.

"Callie." The receptionist smiles and Beca has to will her knees to stop wobbling as she walks away.

Walking is taking to long so she jogs down the hallway to the waiting area out side the surgery room. Her siblings are the only two there. Both of them sitting on metal chair head in their hands as they wait for any news about their parents. Beca silently makes her way to an empty seat next to Stacie and sits down mimicking both of them.

Hours go by not a word from each other or the doctors is spoken. Beca feels the impatience building another feeling inside her. A feeling she hasn't felt in a long time; anger. Not being able to take the wait any longer she heads to the cafeteria and makes herself a coffee.

She sits down at a white round table and just stirs the straw in the white styrofoam cup. The amount of white in the hospital irritates Beca for some reason.

She remembers the text she got and opens it.

****Mom:**** hey, sweetheart. Your dad and I just left the restaurant and are heading to the hotel. We wanted to say we love the three of you and don't stay up too late. Be good. xoxo.

Beca wipes a few tears and kills the screen.

"Heard any news yet?" Someone asks taking a seat at the table across from her.

Beca looks up to find Callie the receptionist sitting a cup in her hand as well. "No."

"It's a complicated surgery." Callie informs her. "One of our best doctors, Dr Adams is working tonight. He'll take good care of them."

Beca just stares. Callie seems so young and visibly tired.

"Who are they to you?" Callie asks.

"My parents. I'm Beca by the way." Beca says reaching her hand across the table to shake Callie's hand. Her fingers are long, tan and perfectly manicured. Beca's are pale and her nails are chewed off.

Before they can say anything more Beca's phone goes off. A text from Stacie.

****Stace:**** Get down here.

"I have to go." Beca says.

Callie nods in understanding, "of course. I hope it's good news."

"Me too." Beca says and takes off sprinting through the halls to get to the waiting room.

When she gets there Stacie and Jesse are standing near a young, blonde doctor.

"Beca Mitchell?" The doctor asks in a British accent. Beca nods. "I'm Doctor Adams. You can call me Luke."

"Okay." Beca says feeling anxious.

"I have some unfortunate news," Luke clears his throat. "You're dad didn't make it through the surgery. I'm sorry."

Sobs fill the waiting room. Beca just stares in shock._Dad died?_

"Your mom is still in surgery but if I'm being honest it doesn't look too good for her." The doctor says after a minute, then with a curt nod he leaves.

What? _What?!_ Her moms going to die to.

The sobs never die down after that. Right when Beca thinks everyone's all cried out, someone snuffles and the whole thing starts again. Not that Beca can blame them. Their dad was so sweet. So caring. So loving. He didn't deserve to die.

Beca shakes her head in attempt to clear it of any thoughts of her dad. She's trying to be strong and not cry in front of her siblings and in order to do that she needs to let him go.

She takes a moment to thank him for helping her learn how to ride a bike, to play baseball and for teaching her multiplications. She thanks him for accepting her after she came out. She thanks him for teaching her to love and to laugh. Teaching her how to get the girl, not that she wanted any girl in particular. She thanks him for adopting the angry little five year old and loving her enough to raise her into the woman she is today. She thanks him for letting her be a part of a family. A real family. She thanks him and she lets him go. Only a single tear slips out of her eye.

"I love you, dad." The start up of a new even louder round of sobbing makes her realize that she said it out loud.

She reaches a hand and rubs Stacie's back. "Shh, it's alright Stace. It's okay to cry."

"Beca?"

Beca's eyes shoots up to meet Luke's worried ones. She knows it's not good.

"Your mom would like to speak to you." He says.

"What? Just me?" She asks surprised.

"That's what she said."

Beca nods, "stay here guys."

Her siblings don't seem to notice her leave.

When she enters the room she see's her mom lying still on the bed. Her face covered in cuts and bruises. Her arm outstretched trying to reach for Beca.

"Mom, I'm here." Beca's voice cracks and her chin wobbles.

Her mom grips Beca's hand so tightly that Beca wants to cry out in pain but she holds it in.

"Beca," her mom's voice is no louder than a whispered whisper but it's strong and full of love. "Protect your siblings. Love them like we love them. Like we love you."

Beca nods, tears streaming down her face.

"Look at you Bec, look at the woman you've become. You were this tiny ball of rage when we first met you. Your dad liked to joke around and call you a peppercorn." Her mom coughs, "Small but spicy. You're strong Beca. You overcame your anger. You're beautiful. I see you mature more and more everyday but don't forget to have a little fun here and there. Baby, you need to have fun. There's so much left to see..."

"Mom, you'll see it all." Beca sobs, "I promise you will."

"Don't make a promise you can't keep, Beca." Her mom chuckles. "I love you. I love all three of you...my beautiful children."

"We-" before Beca can finish there's a long beep. The sound of a flat line.

Beca doesn't remember much else from that night other than huddling with her siblings on the floor crying, next to the bed where their mother lay dead.

End
file.